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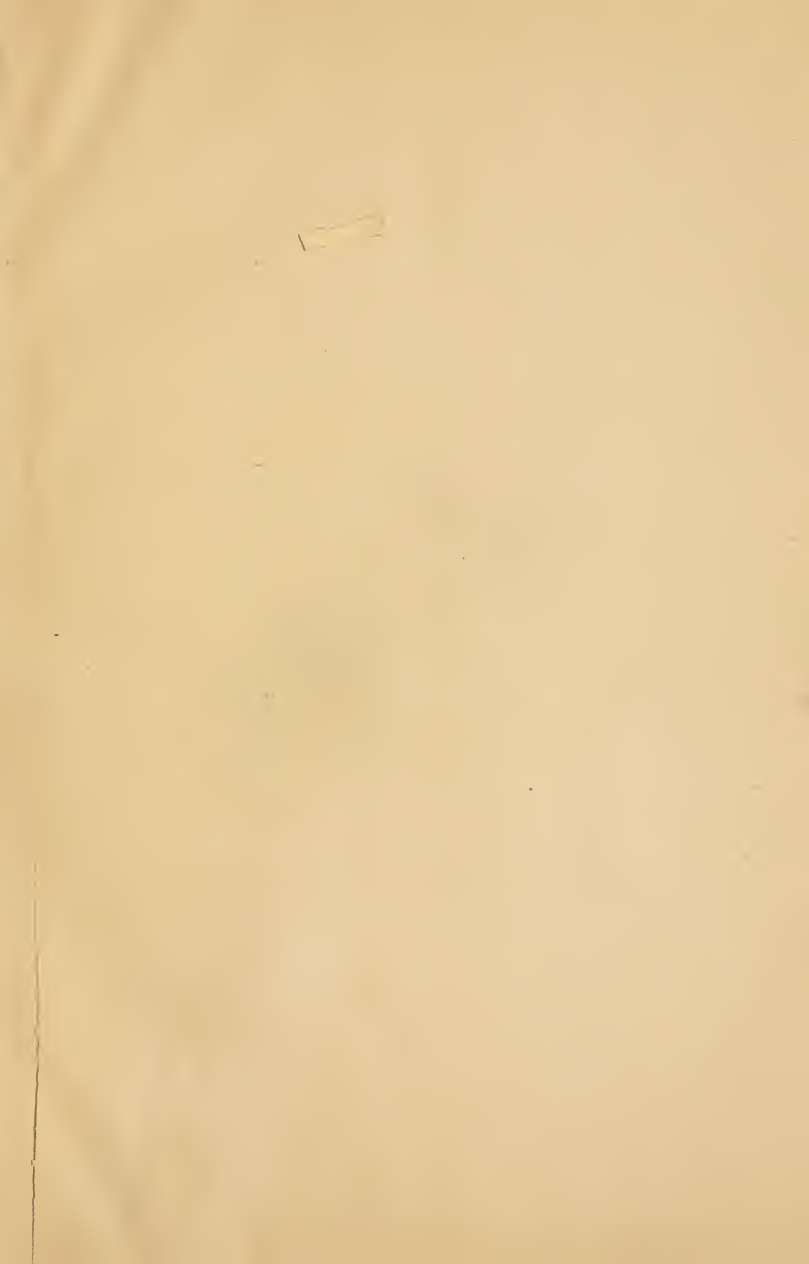
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REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Society of the Army of West Virginia,

AT ITS

FIRST THREE MEETINGS,

HELD AT

Moundsville, West Virginia, September 22d and 23d, 1870.

Wheeling, West Virginia, Oct. 19th and 20th, 1871.

Marietta, Ohio, September 19th, 1879.

WITH CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE SOCIETY.

CINCINNATI:

PETER G. THOMSON, PUBLISHER, 179 VINE STREET,

1880.

*Compliments of
A. L. Hays.*

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FIRST MEETING.

MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA., SEPTEMBER 22D AND 23D, 1870.

The call for this meeting not having been generally circulated, there was but a small attendance, and unfortunately, no minutes of the meeting have been preserved.

A permanent organization was not effected, but a committee consisting of

Captain C. J. RAWLING,
Major M. W. BURT, and
Captain R. H. COCHRAN,

was appointed to report a Constitution and By-Laws to a meeting appointed to be held at Wheeling, October 19th, 1871.

Recd. t. F. 71. 5-19-17

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

SECOND MEETING OF THE SOCIETY,

HELD AT

WHEELING, W. VA., OCTOBER 19TH AND 20TH, 1871.

This meeting was held on the Fair Grounds at Wheeling, at the time appointed, and was attended by several hundred veterans of the Army of West Virginia.

FIRST DAY.

GENERAL I. H. DUVAL was elected Chairman.

The meeting was then opened with prayer by the Rev. T. M. Hudson.

The committee appointed to draft a Constitution and By-Laws submitted the following, which was unanimously adopted:

CONSTITUTION.

(ADOPTED AT WHEELING, OCTOBER 19, 1871.)

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. This Association shall be known by the name and title of "THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA," and may include the Governors of the State of West Virginia, previous to the close of the war, every officer and enlisted man, who has at any time served with honor in that army, and been honorably discharged therefrom, or remains in service in the regular army; also any officer and enlisted man, living in what was the department of West Virginia, but having served in other armies, and having been honorably discharged therefrom, who shall have given his assent to the Constitution and By-Laws of the society and paid his initiation fee.

SEC. 2. Honorary members may, from time to time, be elected from those who have served with distinction in any of the other armies, or in the navy of the United States.

ARTICLE II.

SEC. 1. The objects of this Society shall be, to cherish the memories and associations of The Army of West Virginia, to strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy formed from companionship in the army; to perpetuate the name and fame of those who have fallen either on the field of battle, or in the line of duty with that army; to collect and preserve the record of its great achievements, its numerous and well-contested battles, its campaigns, marches and skirmishes.

ARTICLE III.

SEC. 1. The officers of the society shall consist of a president, one vice-president, from each of the following named States, viz: Ohio,

Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Maryland and West Virginia—or one from each State furnishing troops for this army. A corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, and a treasurer.

SEC. 2. These officers shall be elected at each annual meeting for the ensuing year. The president, corresponding secretary, recording secretary and treasurer, shall be chosen by ballot, by a majority vote of all the members of the society present. No debate upon the merits of the candidates shall be in order. The vice-presidents shall be chosen by the soldiers of each State, by a majority vote of the soldiers of the respective States present.

SEC. 3. The society shall meet annually; the time and place of each succeeding meeting to be selected by ballot at every reunion. All members of the society who may be prevented by any cause from personally attending, are expected to notify the corresponding secretary, and to impart such information in regard to themselves as they may think proper, and which may be of interest to their brethren of the society.

SEC. 4. The president, and either of the vice-presidents, shall be authorized to invite the attendance of any officer of the United States army or navy, at any of the meetings.

ARTICLE IV.

SEC. 1. Political, or any other discussions foreign to the purposes of this society, as set forth in this Constitution, at any of the meetings, or any proceeding of such a tendency, are declared inimical to the purposes of this organization, and are prohibited.

ARTICLE V.

SEC. 1. This Constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the society, provided the alteration or amendment proposed is submitted in writing, and filed with the recording secretary at least three months before the regular meeting, at which it is proposed to present the same; and provided further, that two-thirds of the members present at such meeting vote in favor thereof.

BY-LAWS.

1. Every officer and enlisted man desiring to become a member of this society shall, upon giving his assent to the Constitution, pay to the treasurer the sum of one dollar as annual dues, and shall thereupon be entitled to a copy of the proceedings of the society, when published, free of charge.

2. No member shall be entitled to vote, who shall be in arrears.

3. The diploma of membership, and the badge which shall be adopted by the society, shall be delivered to each member on payment of his initiation fee.

4. The treasurer shall disburse all moneys of the society, upon the order of the executive committee attested by the signature of the chairman, and shall at each annual meeting make a report in detail of his receipts and disbursements. The treasurer shall be required to give bond in the sum of one thousand dollars, to be approved by the executive committee.

5. When the place of the annual meeting shall be decided upon, the president shall appoint an executive committee of seven (7) members, whose duty it shall be to make all needful preparations and arrangements for such meeting. The committee thus appointed shall be selected as far as practicable from residents near the place of meeting.

6. No member of this society shall speak more than once on any subject or question of business, and no longer than five minutes, without consent of the society first obtained.

7. The successive executive committees shall in due season select an orator, to deliver an address appropriate to the occasion, at each annual meeting.

8. The recording secretary shall cause a book of records to be kept, exhibiting the address and occupation of every member of the society.

9. The president shall appoint tellers for the elections required by the Constitution.

The elections, except at the first meeting, shall not take place until after the address has been delivered.

10. The election of officers shall be conducted as follows:

First, a ballot for president, to be continued until some member receives a majority of the votes cast.

Second, a ballot for vice-president by States.

Third, a ballot for corresponding secretary, recording secretary and treasurer, on a single ticket, the balloting to be continued until these officers are elected by a majority of the votes cast.

In balloting for officers other than vice-presidents, the votes shall be deposited in a box in charge of the tellers.

11. In the absence of the president, the vice-president senior in rank present at the meeting shall preside.

12. The recording secretary must notify all the officers of the society and the executive committee of any proposed amendment to the Constitution, immediately upon receipt thereof, and publish the same in such journals as the president may direct.

13. A full report of such meeting shall be printed, and copies forwarded to every member entitled to receive the same.

14. Honorary members may be elected by a three-fourths vote of the members present, at any annual meeting.

15. A majority vote of all the members present at any regular meeting shall be required to alter or amend these by-laws.

16. Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Law shall be authority for the government and regulation of all meetings of this society.

After music the chairman introduced the Hon. B. STANTON, who spoke as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS:—I am the only representative of the city government in a condition to welcome you to our city to-day. The city council, headed by our mayor, being absent from home partaking of the hospitalities of the city of Baltimore, I appear on behalf of our city to welcome you. I will not attempt to make a speech to you.

I consider this a fit place to meet, welcome and congratulate each other, as the State in which we now meet owes its existence to the war in which you battled. It will always give our citizens pleasure to welcome you to these re-unions, which are happy and yet important affairs. It is one of the melancholy thoughts that year by year some places are vacant; one by one they are passing away; "many a lad is dead and many lass grown old," as from year to year these occurrences greet you. Again I welcome you.

Captain R. H. COCHRAN was then introduced, who made the address on behalf of the society. After alluding in fitting and eloquent terms to the fitness of the day and the hour for holding a re-union, owing to the fact that seven years ago that very day and hour, Sheridan was making his famous ride, and the battle of Cedar Creek was being fought, he said:

COMRADES:—In the name of The Society of the Army of West Virginia, I bid you welcome to-day. I congratulate you that He whose loving kindness followed you on the weary march and through the appalling storms of battle, has kept you in the year past, and now permits so many of us to meet again. Soldier, who ten years ago left the furrow and shouldered the musket to conquer an honorable peace—welcome. Soldier, who left the workshop, the factory, the mill, and gave an unoffending nation in the hour of need a muscle of steel, a lion heart, an intelligent will and a ready obedience—welcome! Soldier, who bade adieu to wife, children and home to incur hardships, endure privations, and in a thousand ways learn the sad realities of war—welcome! Welcome all. We bid you a soldier's welcome. We bid you the welcome of love. We bid you the welcome of hope, and we bid you that broad fraternal welcome of charity,

" Which shines to-day so grand and high
Under the dome of the Union sky."

As I stand to-day in your presence and reflect that but yesterday you were the actors in a military drama that shook the political world, there is an awfulness in the thought that almost overwhelms me. I am carried back to a thousand scenes of a few short years of the last decade. Out of the chaos and carnage of then, has come the grand, prosperous and promising present. The diversity of then is lost in the unity and identity

of now. He who was our foe is now our friend; and though we are this day met as late soldiers of the Union army, to renew the social relation of the past, and by that means fit ourselves for a higher usefulness in the future, yet we can say to him, who so late was a foe, we are friends. Our American hearts are touched with a common impulse, they vibrate as a single chord; with a common pride our eyes behold a common country and a single flag; as citizens, we worship at a common shrine. Thy people are my people, thy God my God; whither thou goest I may go, where thou livest I may live; where thou diest I may die, and there may I be buried.

I am sure that it is in a fraternal spirit like this that we are to-day assembled, and it is from this exalted stand that we can look down the past and into the clear upper sky of the future. While we feel a commendable pride in the consciousness of duty well done in a cause tending to make this good world of ours better, nevertheless we know it is not in the heart of any true soldier to wound the pride of a conquered, honorable foe, and it has been one of the gratifying features of my observation and experience that since the war there has been among the soldiers of the two armies a greater degree of cordiality and a much higher appreciation than before, and we can say of them as we can ourselves, we love each other for the dangers we have passed. While we must ever feel that that for which they battled was not the better cause, yet we thank God for the results of the war.

It has swept away from the body politic a huge monstrosity that threatened anarchy and annihilation. The system of human slavery made bondsmen of the master and slave as well. It aspired to absolute sovereignty over the consciences of men, and threatened death to Republican government and free institutions. It kept aflame the acrid, discordant passions of men, and reveled in the prospects of dismemberment. It degraded labor, capital and mind, and was the Pandora's box whence came all our domestic strife and national ills. The war killed it, and with it let the bitter memories of the past be buried in an eternity of forgetfulness.

And now, fellow soldiers and citizens, let us stand forth clothed in our right mind, and a higher, purer, holier civilization. After we shall have mingled together on this occasion, let us go to our homes and enter upon the duties of another year, inspired with new life, and with the grand idea that humanity to man is obedience to God. Let us teach our children the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and from the political revolution in which we have taken so active a part, let us transmit to posterity the spirit of progressive moral renovation. Then indeed will

our land become one resplendent in beauty, unequaled in glory, and the abiding place of truth, knowledge, virtue and religion, and in that grand final re-union of our dead and living soldiers in the better land, the Master will say of us: "Well done, good and faithful."

Lieutenant CLARKSON was then loudly called for, and finally accepted the situation, and said:

FELLOW SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS:—I had not expected to address you until to-morrow, but many gentlemen who were expected to speak to-day are absent. I feel to-day like an eighteen-inch shell, just ready to be shot off, and make a big noise when shot. Nothing so moves me as to meet men who fought for the same flag as I. Knowing this, I am ready to speak to you. None who have spoken have talked soldier talk; do you remember the line of battle, when the forts looked as big as that mountain, and cannon mouths big enough to drive a six-mule team in? At such times I was always scared; some men say they never cared for such things, that they were brave at such times, but I *did* care; you remember it, cannon above you, cannon around you—*Forward?* if there was a tree in the neighborhood I wanted it. I have been in thirty-nine battles and skirmishes, and thirty-nine times scared—and you have all been in the same fix. Comrades, do you remember the night before the battle? How you entered into a covenant with a comrade to care for each other—to take a message to the loved ones at home? Here old feuds were forgotten and old quarrels settled—you remember it. I had such a comrade that I could always tie to. I was hit twelve or fifteen times, but that don't count, for I killed as many of them as they did of me.

I hope our meeting to-morrow will be ten times as large as to-day—that we may raise such a fund as will enable us to follow each other to the last long home.

Lieutenant Clarkson's address was very enthusiastically received, and was indeed a very happy little speech; we regret being unable to give it in full.

After Lieutenant Clarkson's address, and music, Captain C. J. Rawling was introduced, who read the Constitution and By-Laws, which were unanimously adopted.

A recess was then taken, to give those present an

opportunity to join the society, and a large number availed themselves of the opportunity.

After a short time the society was called to order, and Hon. Wm. Lawrence, Colonel of the 84th O. V. Infantry, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, was introduced. He made a very happy address of some length, which was enthusiastically received by the audience. Immediately following this address, the meeting adjourned.

SECOND DAY.

OCTOBER 20TH.

An increased number of comrades was in attendance.

The procession was formed in front of the court house at 10 o'clock A. M., and marched to the fair grounds, where the meeting was called to order by the chairman, General Duval.

The first business in order being election of officers, nominations for president were declared in order. Colonel Lawrence, of Ohio, General Hayes, of Ohio, General Kennedy, of Ohio, and General Duval, of West Virginia, were nominated. General Kennedy withdrew in a neat little speech, seconding the nomination of General R. B. Hayes, who was, thereupon, elected by acclamation.

Nominations for vice-presidents were then declared in order. General R. H. Milroy, of Indiana, General W. E. F. Reynolds, of New York, Colonel W. S. Lincoln, of Massachusetts, and Colonel Cole, of Maryland, being the only nominations from those States, they were also, on motion, elected by acclamation.

Nominations for West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, were then made, and an election entered into. The following were elected: Major O. G. Scofield, of West Virginia, General R. P. Kennedy, of Ohio, and Captain J. P. Hart, of Pennsylvania.

Captain C. J. Rawling was elected corresponding secretary, Captain John H. Shuttlesworth, recording secretary, and Captain John Carlin, treasurer.

Lieutenant Clarkson moved that the retiring president and secretary write to the officers elect—not present—and inform them of their election. Carried.

A special committee, consisting of Messrs. Clarkson, Hart, Kennedy, Burt and Rawling was appointed to report to the meeting whether it was advisable to select a place for the next session or leave it for the executive committee. After a recess, during which the band discoursed most excellent music, the committee nominated the cities of Zanesville, Ohio, and Washington, Pennsylvania, for the next session. The report was adopted, and a ballot entered into, which resulted in the selection of Zanesville.

On motion it was resolved that a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the society, together, with the proceedings of this meeting, be printed in pamphlet form and mailed to the members of the society. This closing the business, General Kennedy, vice-president for Ohio, was introduced, and spoke as follows:

REMARKS OF GENERAL KENNEDY.

General Kennedy was introduced by General Duval. He said:

It was particularly pleasant to meet on occasions like this—these oases in the desert of life which arise with their cooling streams to cheer and bless us. While they were congregating here to-day, as he trusted they might congregate from year to year, let them not be unmindful of their gallant comrades who lie in quiet graves on those far off battle fields. Their quiet tombs are to-day burning like silent watch fires on the altar of the nation's liberty. To-day their silent monuments can make no utterance. They tell us that beneath them lie such forms as Thoburn, Reynolds, and your own gallant Bier, but their white lips are silent. They can tell not of their devotion and gallantry; and they cannot tell you how on the field of battle a bright life went out, sacrificed on the altar of its country.

He paid a glowing tribute to the women of America for their devoted services in the war in nursing and comforting the sick and wounded in the hospital and on the field. He said while England had but one Florence Nightingale, there came from thousands of American homes and hamlets women just as noble, just as pure, just as true to the cause of suffering humanity as she. He alluded to the incident when Geo. H. Stuart, president of the Soldiers' Aid Society, after the battle of Gettysburg, telegraphed to the Boston merchants, asking if he might draw on them for six thousand dollars, and received a reply that he might draw for sixty thousand; and said a nation whose sons can die in defence of its liberties, whose women can take the field when there is need, and whose merchant princes can open their coffers at the call of their country, could never die. (Applause.)

We live in a great age, in a land of progress, civilization and achievement. He hastily ran over some of the great achievements of recent years as illustrating the progress of the world, and said the land was filled with the power and arts of commerce. This civilization, he said, is ours, yours and mine, bought with the blood and treasure of your bravest and best, made dear to us by the sacrifices of 300,000 on the field of battle. As we consecrate it here to-day forever to liberty and right, here beneath this blue dome of heaven to-day, in this beautiful city, in this new State, redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, baptized in the blood of our noblest and best, and consecrated forever to liberty, beneath the very shadows of our mountains, whose mighty peaks resounded the thunders of battle—here to-day in memory of these three hundred thousand whose quiet graves, like silent watchfires, are burning on the altar of liberty, let us pledge ourselves anew to the protection of that liberty which these men died to save, and which it is ours to preserve and perpetuate.

LETTERS.

Letters were then read from those who were unable to be present. We give only a portion of them.

FROM GENERAL SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *September 9, 1871.*

GENERAL B. F. KELLY, GENERAL I. H. DUVAL, and C. J. RAWLING, ESQ.,
COMMITTEE:

Dear Sirs:—I have received your very kind letter of invitation for me to attend the reunion of the Society of the Army of West Virginia at Wheeling, on the 19th and 20th of October, and regret exceedingly that I cannot possibly be there at that time. I have been away so much of late, and still am forced to go to St. Louis in October, that to make another appointment would be out of the question.

I thank you truly for the hearty manner in which you invite me, and assure you that I honor you for preserving sacredly the memories of that war which has given our nation a new lease of life. With great respect,
yours truly,

W. T. SHERMAN, *General.*

FROM GENERAL MILROY.

DELPHI, INDIANA, *October 9, 1871.*

Messrs. GENERAL B. F. KELLY, GENERAL I. H. DUVAL, and C. J. RAWLING, Committee on Invitation.

Dear Sirs:—I received some six weeks ago, a copy of your circular of invitation to attend the reunion of the Army of West Virginia, to be

held at Wheeling on the 19th and 20th inst. I received a few days ago, another copy of the same, dated 26th ult., endorsed by a few friendly lines on behalf of your committee by Mr. Rawling, urging my attendance at your reunion.

I beg pardon for my seeming neglect in answering your first. My excuse for delaying to answer is that I was waiting in hopes that some favorable pecuniary development in my financial affairs would enable me to say with certainty to you, that I would be with you on the 19th and 20th inst., as there is no place outside of heaven that would give me more real pleasure to be at than a reunion where I could once more meet and greet my gallant patriotic West Virginia companions in arms, with whom I commenced and spent the two first years of our late great war. But I regret to say that I have not yet been able to discover any way by which I can flank the pecuniary obstacles in the way of my attending your reunion, and greatly fear I shall be unable to come. I have watched West Virginia, the only child of the war of the great rebellion, with deep interest since the time of her birth. Her mountains, valleys and streams were indelibly mapped on my memory by Phillipi, Laurel Hill, Carrick's Ford, Cheat Mountain, Huntersville, Greenbrier, Alleghany Summit, Monterey, McDowell, Franklin, and by many marches and skirmishes in the great struggle that gave her birth. Her many brave soldiers and patriotic citizens whom I met and was associated with during that event, have inspired my warmest wishes for her greatest success and prosperity. I believe it would add several years to my life to again have the pleasure of breathing her pure, free, mountain air with my surviving comrades, her veteran fathers. Be assured I will come, if possible. If I should be unable to do so, please give, with my highest respects to old comrades present, a most hearty God bless you, from your fellow soldier and friend.

Truly,

R. H. MILROY.

FROM GOVERNOR JACOB.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CHARLESTON, *September 30, 1871.*

GENERAL B. F. KELLY, I. H. DUVAL, and C. J. RAWLING, Committee:

Gentlemen :—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, inviting me to be present at the reunion of the Society of the Army

of West Virginia, to be held in Wheeling, on the 19th and 20th of October. I regret that some engagements of long standing will probably place it out of my power to be present on so interesting an occasion. I trust that this reunion of old comrades in arms will be most auspicious, and that men who so gallantly maintained the cause of the Union in times past, will, in this time of peace, sustain with unfaltering patriotism its integrity, dignity and glory. With sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me, I am yours,

Very respectfully,

JOHN J. JACOB.

Resolutions were then adopted, tendering the thanks of the society to the citizens of Wheeling, for their generous aid, financial and otherwise; to the Fairmont Band, for gratuitously furnishing music; to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for reduction of fare; also to the authorities of the State of West Virginia for the use of the flags carried during the war by the regiments of West Virginia.

A motion was adopted instructing the president of the society to memorialize Congress at the next session to enact a law giving to soldiers who served ninety days or more in the war of 1861-5, a bounty of 160 acres of land without requiring them to settle on the same.

A poem composed by Colonel A. J. H. Duganne, and read at the Reunion of the Army and Navy of the Gulf, July 8, 1869, was then read by General Capehart, which was well received.

The following original song was then sung by Capt. R. H. Cochran, the crowd joining in the chorus:

Cheer for the banner, as we rally 'neath its stars;
It yet floats above us as it did through the wars.
At home, in peace, or on the field, 'mid bullets, blood and scars—
Cheer for the dear old flag.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
God bless the dear old flag!

We meet again to talk and sing of battles lost and won ;
To thank the God of Battles for the sweets of freedom's home,
And brighten every memory of the dear companions gone—
Cheer for the dear old flag !

CHORUS—

From the valley and the mountain, and from every hill and plain ;
From sea to sea, from Lakes to Gulf, comes Liberty's refrain :
Each son of God's a freeman—may be citizen and man—
Beneath that dear old flag.

CHORUS—

Let's remember that when darkness enshrouded our loved land,
Our mothers, wives and sisters, (God bless the holy band,)
By day and night, in every way, gave us their helping hand,
And prayed for the dear old flag.

CHORUS—

God bless our country, and animate each State
To cultivate each virtue and to bury every hate.
Strength is found alone in union, and the "good alone are great"—
Cheer for the dear old flag.

CHORUS—

Calls were made for Mr. J. St. J. Clarkson, who came forward and spoke in a humorous vein a few moments, and concluded by reading a very beautiful poem, which has had a fugitive existence two or three years in the newspapers, the authorship of which is unknown.

After Lieutenant Clarkson's address, the president announced that the ceremonies of the day were completed. Cheers were called for Generals Duval, Kennedy, and others, and were loudly responded to. The crowd then began to disperse; the column was soon formed, and marched into town, when a general parting took place.

CALL FOR THE MARIETTA MEETING.

No meeting of the society having been held since that at Wheeling, General Crook and many others had frequently expressed a desire for a reunion of the surviving members of the command, and to that end the following order was issued:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA,
MARIETTA, OHIO, *June 2, 1879.*

GENERAL ORDER No. 1.

In pursuance of the action taken by members of the Army of West Virginia, at the Fifth National Reunion of Soldiers and Sailors of the late war, held in this city September 4th to 7th, 1878, a meeting of that Army will be held at these Headquarters in this city on Tuesday, June 10th, 1879, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of considering the propriety of holding a reunion of the Army at this place during the present year.

Any soldier who at any time during the war served in West Virginia, is entitled and expected to take part in this meeting and reunion.

By order of

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK,
Commanding.

JEWETT PALMER, *Major and A. A. G.*

The meeting called by this order was held at the time appointed with a fair representation from the various regiments of the old Kanawha division and other parts of the army.

On motion Major Jewett Palmer was chosen chairman and George K. Jenvey, secretary.

Remarks were made by several comrades expressing their cordial interest in the proposed meeting, and letters of similar import were read from General Crook and others. It was then—

“Resolved, That a meeting of the “Army of West Virginia” be held at Marietta, Ohio, September 19th, 1879, to which all those who served in the department shall be invited.”

Colonel R. L. Nye, M. McMillin and General Richardson were appointed by the chair to present names in accordance with the following resolution:

“Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the chair to report at an adjourned meeting suitable names to constitute an executive committee.”

Adjourned for dinner to meet at 1:50 P. M.

Met pursuant to adjournment, when the committee made the following report:

“Your committee respectfully recommended that the following named gentlemen be appointed to constitute an executive committee to carry into effect the resolution for a meeting of the Army of West Virginia, passed at this meeting, viz:

“Major Jewett Palmer, 36th Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Colonel V. H. Bukey, 11th Virginia Infantry; Sergeant M. McMillin, 2d Virginia Cavalry; Geo. K. Jenvey, 2d Virginia Cavalry; Wm. Thorniley, 92d Ohio Volunteer Infantry; General B. D. Fearing, 92d Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Sergeant David Dow, Pierpoint Battery; Lieutenant H. B. Iams, De Beck’s Battery; Dr. Waterman, 4th Virginia Infantry; Dr. McClure, 23d Ohio Volunteer Infantry; General H. F. Devol, 36th Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

“That any five of said committee shall constitute a quorum, and that said committee have power to add to their number such persons as will assist them, and that they make and carry into effect such plans and arrangements for said meeting on September 19th, 1879, as they deem proper.”

GEO. K. JENVEY,
Secretary.

In pursuance of this action the following circular was issued by the committee on invitations, appointed by the executive committee:

HEADQUARTERS SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA,
MARIETTA, OHIO, *July 25, 1879.*

Dear Sir:—The soldiers of the army of West Virginia will meet on the 19th of September, 1879, at Marietta, Ohio.

The object of this society is social, designed to collect and preserve the history and memories of the war, and to perpetuate the name and fame of the members of this army, who fell in the service of their country.

You are cordially invited to be present and participate. Letters of inquiry may be addressed to General B. D. Fearing, chairman committee of invitation, Marietta, Ohio.

We earnestly solicit your acceptance.

Although efforts were made to give wide circulation to this call, the committee were afterwards compelled to regret that, by accident, it was not distributed in some localities from which the Army of West Virginia received large numbers of its veterans.

Nevertheless, a large and enjoyable meeting was the result.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1879—MORNING.

At 9½ o'clock the veterans to the number of four hundred or more assembled at the National House, where a reception was held by ex-Governor Dennison, Ohio's old war governor, which was attended by all the old soldiers and large numbers of citizens. After the reception, the boys were formed in line and escorted by the Putnam Light Artillery, headed by the Turner Band, to the City

Hall. The streets were lined with people, who evinced their appreciation and delight by cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. In the rear of the procession, which was over two squares in length, were the distinguished guests of the day in carriages, escorted by the "Silver Grays," an organization composed of old and respected citizens, the youngest being over sixty years of age. In the carriages were Governor Dennison, General Crook, General Hickenlooper, Chaplain Grimes, and members of the committee. The procession was under the command of General Ben Fearing. When the procession reached the hall they found a large audience awaiting them. It was a grand sight to look upon. The meeting was called to order by Major Jewett Palmer, who announced the first thing would be the singing of "John Brown's Body" by the entire audience, which was done with vim and enthusiasm. Chaplain Grimes, of the 92d Ohio Volunteer Infantry, offered up a fervent prayer, which was followed by music by the Turner Band, after which General Fearing read the following letters, among others, from members and invited guests unable to be present:

LETTERS.

FROM GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,
CHICAGO, *August 21st, 1879.*

Dear General—Your kind letter of the 18th inst. is just at hand, and I am very sorry to say that I do not see how I can very well fix my affairs so as to be with the army of West Virginia on the date named. I have several engagements that I must fill in September, and all the time I feel at liberty to take from my duties, is spoken for. Please give my kindest regards to all who speak of or ask after me. There is, as yet, no society of the army of the Shenandoah. We have talked it over many times at my headquarters, and it is the intention of some of the old officers to eventually call a meeting and organize one. No army will have prouder recollections to advert to, or to commemorate. I am, General,

Very truly yours,

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Lieutenant General U. S. Army.

GENERAL B. D. FEARING,

Chairman Committee on Invitation, Marietta, Ohio.

FROM PRINCE GARDNER, M. D.

WILKESVILLE, OHIO, *September 8, 1879.*

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of a circular, "Headquarters Society of the Army of West Virginia." I had the honor to hold a commission in the 1st Regiment West Virginia Cavalry, first as assistant and subsequently as surgeon, and served three years in that capacity with the Army of West Virginia. The first officer of rank belonging to 1st West Virginia Cavalry, Major Josiah Steel was under my professional care from the day he was

wounded (3d of May, 1863,) until the date of his death, May 28th, 1863, also the last officer of rank who fell at Appomattox on the night of the 8th of April, 1865, belonging to 1st West Virginia Cavalry. I should be pleased to present a memorial of these brave men along with many others who fell under my personal observation. If this proposition will be accepted, and the offering acceptable, please inform me, and I shall take great pleasure in attending the meeting.

I am very respectfully,

PRINCE GARDNER, M. D.

FROM GENERAL W. S. ROSECRANS.

ABBOTSFORD HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,

September 5th, 1879.

Dear General—Your favor of the 12th ult., enclosing the circular of the Society of The Army of West Virginia, announcing its annual meeting at Marietta on the 19th inst., has been received.

I thank you for its kind expressions and cordial invitation to be present. I thank my comrades of that society for placing my name so high among those of that band of patriots and heroes. From this far western shore of the great republic, for the unity of which we fought—I greet you all.

The name of the society brings vividly before me the scenes and incidents of that first campaign which, in 1861, defeated the attempts of the rebellion to occupy, and of Old Virginia's favorite son and commander, Lee, to drag its citizens west of the Alleghanies at the heels of the Old Dominion; dried up at its source the spirit of guerrilla warfare, which tried to enter those wild regions so well adapted to give it life, and established on foundations of law and order never after overthrown, the beautiful and patriotic State of West Virginia. As I write, her wild and wooded mountains, her narrow valleys threaded with silver streams, her scanty, winding and lonesome roads spread out before me, and with them come again to mind the difficulties of defending from invasion so vast a region. Then come before me the host of heroic officers and soldiers—companions-in-arms—many of whom have fallen on fields of glory, many who yet survive, heroes living, whom the country honors—heroes dead, who fell and are forgotten—whose deeds, interwoven, make the warp and woof of that web which forms the robe of a united nation's greatness;

and in that same august company come the civic heroes of West Virginia, worthy co-laborers in laying the foundations of the new State.

Of your marches, your watchings, toils, privations, combats and triumphs I must not begin to speak, nor attempt to mention names or incidents, so well remembered, of that army and service.

Convey my greeting to all our comrades; and do not fail to express for me the affectionate remembrance in which I bear beautiful Marietta and her intelligent and ever loyal citizens..

Your comrade,

W. S. ROSECRANS.

GENERAL B. D. FEARING,

Chairman Committee on Invitation, etc., Marietta, Ohio.

FROM GENERAL R. B. HAYES.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON, 20th August, 1879.

My Dear General—I received a few days ago from General Crook a programme of the Reunion of the Army of West Virginia at Marietta on the 19th of September next. I regret that engagements already made will prevent me from meeting at that time my old comrades of the Army of West Virginia with whom I served so long. I wish, however, to assure them of my warm approval of the objects of the society. Perhaps no considerable body of the Union forces was more harmonious, and more free from jealousies and unfriendly rivalries, than the Army of West Virginia.

I am particularly gratified that it has been thought best that *all* honorably discharged soldiers and officers of every rank shall be eligible to membership, and that all who fought side by side in support of the good cause of nationality and equal rights may again assemble to enjoy together a revival of the friendships and memories of their army life.

With best wishes for all of our comrades,

I remain sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

GENERAL B. D. FEARING,

Chairman Committee on Invitation, Marietta, Ohio.

FROM B. F. KELLY.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, *September 18, 1879.*

GENERAL B. D. FEARING, Chairman Committee on Invitation, etc.:

Your invitation and kind note did not reach me till this morning, too late for me to attend the reunion—this I regret. Please say to the comrades, that though absent in person, I am with them in spirit. I trust that means may be adopted to perpetuate the heroic deeds of the army of the department of West Virginia, and to fully record the patriotism, sacrifices and gallant services of the soldiers of West Virginia.

Yours sincerely,

B. F. KELLY.

FROM GENERAL J. D. COX.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *September 13th, 1879.*

My Dear General—The necessary absence of my partner, leaving me alone in my office with important engagements at the time of your meeting, will, unfortunately, prevent my being with the Society of the Army of West Virginia, on the 19th. It is a matter of sincere regret—and is a real disappointment to me. I would heartily enjoy the opportunity of once more taking by the hand the comrades of my earliest campaigns. Will you not express to them, in my name, my congratulations on their assembly, and my deep regrets at my necessary absence.

Very sincerely yours,

J. D. Cox.

GENERAL B. D. FEARING,

Chairman Committee on Invitation, etc.

P. S.—Your general sketch of the work of the Army of West Virginia is sufficiently correct, though the list of commanders is not classified as it might be. I do not remember that General Roberts ever commanded the department, am indeed quite sure he did not. He was chief of staff to General Pope, and hence his name would be attached to many orders issued from "Headquarters Mountain Department," or department of Virginia, in 1862. A sketch of the organization of the command might help you.

McClellan was first commandant of the department of the Ohio.

When he made his campaign of Rich Mountain, in July, 1861, he sent me with a smaller force up the Great Kanawha valley, giving me the "District of the Kanawha" as my command, reaching from Parkersburg to Guyandotte on the river, and back toward the east as far as we could occupy the country.

We entered the valley on the 11th July, and drove out the rebel forces under General Wise, reaching Gauley Bridge, the limit placed to our advance by our orders, 29th July. The movement was a continued lively skirmish, but with no serious engagement, Wise making only one determined stand, viz: at Scarey Creek. The troops in the movement were the 11th, 12th and 21st Ohio, and the 1st and 2d Kentucky regiments with a small squad of horsemen and a couple of cannon. The 2d Kentucky had landed, under my orders, at Guyandotte, and had a brisk and very successful engagement with the enemy at Barboursville, after which they joined me by way of Coal Mouth, in the Kanawha Valley proper. A little later the 21st Ohio was relieved by the 26th Ohio, and went back to Ohio to reorganize in the three years' service,

McClellan having been ordered to Washington in the latter part of July, General Rosecrans became department commander, and marched southward from Clarksburg toward my position at Gauley Bridge, near which Floyd had concentrated the confederate army. Floyd drove the 7th Ohio from Cross Lanes near Carnifax Ferry, on 26th August, that being one of a chain of posts of observation connecting Gauley Bridge with General Rosecrans' command. At same time, Wise, with another column, demonstrated upon my advance posts beyond Gauley Bridge on New river, and was repulsed.

On the 12th September, General Rosecrans attacked Floyd at Carnifax Ferry and drove him over Gauley river. My command immediately moved against Wise, up New river. Wise retreated, and Floyd, by converging road from Carnifax Ferry, joined him, and they together fell back to Big Sewell Mountain, where General R. E. Lee assumed command over their combined forces. Meanwhile, Rosecrans, uniting my forces to his own, followed to the western ridge of Big Sewell Mountain, and both armies fortified positions and remained in presence until the storms of October broke up the roads, made them impassable for trains and forced Rosecrans to withdraw to the vicinity of Gauley Bridge.

Floyd, with a portion of Lee's command, kept up a desultory warfare of posts for a time, but was driven from the vicinity on the 14th and 15th November, and the troops were soon thereafter ordered into winter quarters, headquarters of the department being established at Wheeling.

In the movement to Sewell Mountain, Rosecrans' command was

organized into four brigades commanded by Brigadier-Generals Benham, Shenck and myself, and Colonel Robert L. McCook, of the 9th Ohio. Colonel E. P. Scammon, of the the 23d Ohio, also commanded a brigade temporarily, and Major R. B. Hayes, 23d Ohio, served temporarily as judge advocate of the department.

During the winter Rosecrans was relieved and assigned to a command in Tennessee, and a new department called the Mountain Department was created, and Major-General Fremont put in command. The district of the Kanawha remained in my command as before. General Fremont concentrated most of his forces for a campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in the spring and summer of 1862; while with those left me I was ordered to make a co-operative movement forward. The troops under my orders not needed for garrison of posts, were divided into two brigades by me, of which one, destined to operate by the north bank of New river, was put in command of Colonel George Crook, 36th Ohio, the other on the south bank of the river I commanded in person. Crook's column met a portion of the rebel army near Lewisburg and defeated them in a brilliant engagement. Mine advanced with slight opposition to the narrows of New river, near which, the columns by orders of General Fremont, were to unite. A strong Confederate force under Humphrey Marshall, however, marched from the Holsten Valley, in rear of my command, striking my communications at Princeton. This necessitated a prompt movement to the rear. After a sharp engagement, Marshall was driven from Princeton, but on his attempting a still further flanking movement, we retreated to Flat Top Mountain, a position which covered all the country west of the mountains and was itself very strong. Meanwhile, Fremont had not met with success in the Shenandoah, and the enemy being at liberty to concentrate in one direction, Meadow Bluffs on Crook's line, and Flat Top Mountain on mine, were assumed as advanced posts in the Kanawha district, as far to the front as they could be provisioned by trains, being about fifty miles beyond Gauley Bridge.

In August, 1862, General Pope having succeeded Fremont in command of the department, now called that of Virginia, ordered me with two brigades to proceed to Washington by way of the Kanawha river, the Ohio to Parkersburg, and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Washington. The movement was made with unprecedented speed. The two brigades were commanded by Colonel E. P. Scammon, 23d Ohio and Colonel A. Moor, 28th Ohio. A part of each brigade reached Washington in time to participate in the second battle of Bull Run, but by a break of Long Bridge, part were retained in the forts about Washington.

On McClellan's resuming command of the Army of the Potomac,

the Kanawha division was assigned to the 9th corps, Major-General Reno commanding, and took the advance of the right wing under Burnside. It was engaged in the battle of South Mountain, where Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Hayes, 23d Ohio, was wounded, and the battle of Antietam, where Lieutenant-Colonel Melvin Clarke, 36th Ohio, of Marietta, among many other valuable officers was killed.

Colonel Moor having been captured in a cavalry melee at the entrance in Frederick City, Colonel Crook commanded the brigade at both South Mountain and Antietam.

During the absence of the Kanawha division at the East, Colonel Lightburn, of one of the West Virginia regiments, was in command of that district, but simultaneously with the advance of Bragg's army toward the Ohio, the Confederate forces in West Virginia also advanced, and Lightburn was not strong enough to resist them. The Kanawha valley fell into their hands.

In October the whole of West Virginia, with the river counties of Ohio, were constituted a military district, and having been made major-general, I was assigned to its command. Colonels Crook and Scammon were also promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. The old Kanawha division was moved from near Antietam to Clarksburg, thence to march under command of General Crook to Gauley Bridge, whilst I, in person, proceeded to Gallipolis, where, being joined by General George W. Morgan with a brigade, and having assembled the forces under Lightburn, we reëntered the Kanawha Valley, and soon reoccupied the whole country up to the mountains, with very slight resistance.

The district was now part of the department of the Ohio again, Major-General H. G. Wright commanding. In accordance with the constant policy of the government, the forces of the district were reduced as soon as the enemy was driven out; General Morgan and his command going to the Southern Mississippi. The district was divided into two sub-districts under Major-General Milroy and Brigadier-General Crook, respectively, reporting to me at Marietta, where my headquarters were established for the winter. With the exception of slight guerrilla disturbances, quiet prevailed till the spring of 1863, when the district east of the Ohio was attached to the department of Major-General Schenck, then at Baltimore, and I was ordered to report to General Burnside, who was preparing for a movement into East Tennessee. This ended my personal connection with military affairs in West Virginia and my personal knowledge of its history.

J. D. C.

FROM JACOB REASONER.

HAMLIN, BROWN COUNTY, KANSAS,
September 6th, 1879.

MAJOR JEWETT PALMER, Marietta, Ohio :

Dear Old Friend—Your favor of the 20th ult. duly received. * * Last year I heard something of a reunion at Marietta, and intended going, provided I could get any definite information. I did not know who to write to, and could learn of no reduction of rates on railroads, and finally let it pass, more for want of information than for any other reason. This morning I can't say what will be the result as to my going. * * * * * Will try and shape matters so as to be there. Would rejoice to take by the hand and look into the eyes of my old comrades with whom I labored, fought, mourned and rejoiced.

I am now nearly forty-one years old, my beard sprinkled with grey, my step is not elastic. I begin to feel old, and I know the rest of the way is all down hill. I often wonder how the "boys" all look, what changes time has wrought in them. My album of army pictures is well preserved, and I frequently turn to it. I find it always reflects the same true well-remembered faces, and for some reason—I cannot tell why—it does not give the same pleasure it once did. Their faces smiling, manly, unchangable—mine care-worn and changed; they arrayed in their "trotting harness," I in hickory-bark tugs, and I close it, pleased and yet sad. While I happen to think of it, I desire to call your attention to one thing, I always admired General Hayes, and five years ago, I named one of my sons for him. Last year a book agent was passing along, and among his books was a life of Rutherford B. Hayes, by J. Q. Howard. I bought it in order to refresh my memory of the old campaigns. On reading it I find one error that should, I think, be corrected. If it were a plaudit of "well done" to all, I would make no objection, but when names are used, they should be used correctly. On page forty-four, in the description of the battle of Opequan, General Hayes is given credit of being first across the slough, "Lieutenant Stearns, Adjutant 36th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, was the next man." This statement is untrue. Stearns was not Adjutant, he was not with Hayes. I was Adjutant, and crossed beside him. His horse mired nearly midway of the slough. He waded over and his high boots being full of water we both sat down upon a large rock, drew off our boots, poured out the water and hastened on. I think the sentence concerning "next man" should be corrected. * * * * * Keep me posted as well as

you can, and don't forget to address me at Hamlin. Give my kind regards to all the old comrades, and consider me

Ever your friend,

JACOB REASONER.

FROM WM. H. STERLING.

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY, *September 16th, 1879.*

General—I regret to have to inform you that our dearly beloved General, George B. McClellan, is now confined to his bed with a painful if not serious illness, and has directed me to reply to your kind invitation, expressing his sincere regrets at its inability to be with you all in person as he is in spirit. He begs to assure you his heart is with you, and desires me to tender his warmest thanks for the kind remembrance of the Society of the Army of West Virginia, and assure you that the warm feelings expressed are reciprocated. The time when he had the honor to command you will ever be a green spot in his memory. I am, General, with much respect,

Sincerely yours,

WM. H. STERLING,

TO GENERAL B. D. FEARING,

Aide-de-camp.

Chairman Committee on Invitation, etc.

General B. F. Coates was called to the chair at this point and committees appointed as follows:

ON PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

Colonel M. S. HALL,

General W. H. ENOCHS,

J. B. MORGAN.

TO NOMINATE OFFICERS.

Captain F. C. GIBBS,

MURRAY McMILLAN,

H. C. CHERRINGTON.

TO SELECT TIME AND PLACE FOR THE NEXT
MEETING.

Colonel G. W. TAGGART,

J. M. CROSS,

Colonel JOHN PAXTON.

After music the address of welcome was delivered by
Colonel R. L. Nye.

ADDRESS OF COLONEL NYE.

COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA:—The very pleasant duty assigned to me by the committee, of greeting you with some words of welcome, would be best performed if it were possible for me to respond in fitting terms to the patriotic memories, and sentiments of soldierly friendship which have called you together.

The great civil war, in which it was your fortune to take part, was not an accident. It was the result of wrong ideas, with respect to the structure of the government under the blessings of which we live; the necessary consequence of a false political education. Fortunately you were not of those who held these erroneous opinions. You had been taught to believe that the sacred instrument adopted by the fathers, was not made to form a mere chain of independent States, which a blow upon a single link might sever, but to build and hold together a Nation, of one people, worthy of your supreme political allegiance; a country, to be loved, enjoyed, and faithfully served.

It was this, which took you into the war; it was this, which carried you through the war; it was this, which prevailed by the war. And, if I mistake not, it is partly this that has brought you here to-day.

And I can assure you, that if there be any place in this beloved land of ours, (which God forbid), where the grand results of that terrible struggle, unity, nationality and impartial justice, are not heartily accepted or where they who fought to secure them are not welcome, it is not here. The precious contribution which this old county of Washington and these pioneer towns of the Ohio valley have made to the cause of liberty and union, partly from your own ranks, will not permit me to speak a half-hearted greeting for them. They may not be able to receive you with costly decorations, in a gorgeous procession, nor to seat you at a sumptu-

ous banquet; but such as they have they will give unto you; they will greet you with the more enduring testimonials of heartfelt gratitude for the noble services you gave, and unreserved approval of that which you wrought.

May I not give equal assurance for you, that if there be persons who are disposed to falter in the maintenance of either of these great principles, they will not be found in the ranks of those who fought for the Union? We trust also, that they may not be counted in large numbers even among those who, under misguiding counsels, sought to compass her destruction. But if this be not so, it is our duty now, as it was our privilege then, to "stand to the colors," not as partisans but as patriots; and to see to it that the priceless edifice which our efforts helped to preserve, shall neither be destroyed nor defaced.

The true soldier, in a just cause, knows no enmity. For a full, cordial and complete reconciliation the Union soldier was always ready; and he is ready still. The darkest day of deadly strife did not see the hour when the returning rebel would not have been received with joyous hospitality in the camps of the Union. And now, after the battle has been lost and the victory won, surely the erring brother will be met at least half way, in any measures calculated to restore peace, harmony and good fellowship. But two conditions to an enduring peace and cordial fellowship must be required. No true reconciliation is possible except upon the basis of unquestioned nationality and universal and practical justice.

It is a proper subject of pride and congratulation with you to-day, that one who shared with you the incidents of your service in the field, has been made the conspicuous instrument, not only of upholding with a firm hand all for which you fought, but at the same time, of manifesting that spirit of charity and good will which has always prevailed among you towards your brethren of the South. His patriotic and unpartisan conduct in this regard, his measures of practical reform and honest administration in all departments of the government, his modest devotion, at all times, to the right for the sake of the right, have shown to all candid persons that Rutherford B. Hayes is not the mere head of a party, but the President of the Nation. And this is just what you who knew him, had reason to expect of him.

My comrades: Fourteen years have come and gone since we put off the blue uniforms and laid aside the arms we carried through that terrible war. Some of these years, like those of the war itself, have been years of adversity and of gloom. It has been our lot to live in a trying period of our country's history. To each of us these years of our separation

have brought his share of joy and of sorrow; to all they have been filled with the cares and responsibilities of life. And these have no doubt crowded aside, in great measure, the associations of that time of war, when we knew each other so well. But now, as we trust, in the dawn of a returning prosperity to the country we tried to serve, we meet once more, to take each other by the hand, to live over again, for a day, the old army life, to revive its hallowed memories, and above all, to remember and to honor those, sleeping perhaps on yonder mountain-side, who came not back with us from the war. Shall we ever forget those, of blessed memory, who marched with us the weary day, who gathered with us about the camp-fire, and shared with us the old army blanket, as "nightly we pitched our roving tents," from the clear waters of New River to the banks of the Shenandoah?

What kind of friendships are formed by the touch of shoulder to shoulder in front of a determined foe, and in the service of a cause that is just, none but the soldier can know, though for a soldier is hard to say. Born of that mutual trust and dependence which springs from common perils and hardships, they are controlled by no differences of rank or position.

The presence here of the distinguished officer under whose command it was your good fortune to serve, and at whose instance this meeting was in great part arranged, attests that the honors so justly conferred upon him have not dimmed the ardor of *his* attachment to the volunteers he used to lead.

He has given many other evidences of his interest in those who followed his skillful leadership during the civil war, and I am sure there are none of the Army of West Virginia to whom the name of George Crook will not always be a welcome sound.

His arduous devotion to the thorough discharge of duty, and his cheerful readiness to endure with his command all that he required of them, to which we can testify, and the more difficult and perilous service since performed, have fully merited the promotions which his country has bestowed.

I cannot undertake to express the pleasure it gives us to meet him to-day.

And while it is my inestimable privilege to greet you all most cordially, I know that you will agree with me that we take peculiar pleasure in the presence of a certain delegation of your number. For years before the war the mountain-tops of Western Virginia were lighted here and there with the fires of freedom. The soil of that mountain region was never meant to be tilled by any but a free people; nor was the

patriotic spirit which there happily abounded, content to be confined to the limits of a single commonwealth, of howsoever proud and venerable ancestry. And so it was that when Sumter's gun told of the deadly attack upon the nation which their fathers had done so much to found, there assembled from the hills and valleys of that region, hosts of valiant sons for her defense. And it was most fitting that one of the early results of the struggle which followed should be the birth of a new State, the first reclaimed to liberty. Over all the appeals to State and ancestral pride, over all the cherished family ties and in the face of a powerful local prejudice, the patriotism of her sons prevailed, and the new State in Virginia, with the proud motto of freedom inscribed upon her banner, was added to the Union, a most valuable equivalent for the old, which had so causelessly gone. And it was also fitting that, greatly under the inspiration and direction of an Ohio governor and an Indiana governor, the sons of Ohio and of Indiana, should march promptly to her protection. The consequence was that the new born State sent to the National army nearly thirty-three thousand of as good soldiers as ever stepped to the music of the Union; soldiers by whose side you were glad to stand when battle opened; and commanders too; whom you were proud to follow. Justice requires me to add that the efficiency of those troops was not impaired by the presence of goodly numbers of "Ohio men," who helped to fill their ranks. We remember something of what it cost many of these sons of Virginia to follow their country's flag. They came amid the jeers and scoffs of old friends and neighbors, sometimes by the light of the torch which fired their own dwellings; and they often returned to find their land desolate and their homes in ashes. To any of these who may be here we extend an unfeigned welcome.

And now, my comrades, you will have to consider to-day the best means of preserving your war memories, and how best to collect and record the facts of your history as an army.

Doubtless you have something of a duty to perform in this way. Other corps have given considerable attention to such things, and have collected and put in durable form records which it would be impossible for those not witnesses of the occurrences to make. In the achievements of these corps we have a just pride. Their victories are our victories; their defeats are our defeats. In their successes we rejoice; in our failures they have no cause for shame.

From Scarey to Cedar Creek—and through Cedar Creek—the record of this army was one of modest but gallant devotion to hard and perilous duty.

The importance of West Virginia as a field for military operations

was seen at once, and while a sentimental neutrality which prevailed in some quarters, threatened for a time the safety of the Ohio border, thanks to the activity of the people of the border, to whom neutrality was a perilous folly, the influence of the State governments of Ohio and Indiana was brought to bear and the danger averted.

The Confederacy speedily threw into the mountains some of her best troops, under her most skillful officers; but the Ohio and Indiana boys were there to meet them, and, chiefly under the skill and energy of one of your first great commanders, Wm. S. Rosecrans, the first victories of the war which cheered the panting heart of the country, were sounded from the Alleghany. The menacing rebel force was driven east of the mountains, and, owing to the continued presence and watchfulness of this army, the Ohio valley never saw the war except at one or two points in the flying visits of John Morgan and his men.

The service you had to perform was a hard one, involving tedious and often unfruitful marches through a difficult region, often with a scant supply and with the annoyance of an inglorious guerilla warfare. This wearisome service of yours is for the most part unknown except to yourselves. But ask Crook what a portion of this army did at Lewisburg and at Cloyd Mountain; ask Cox how the old Kanawha Division behaved at South Mountain and Antietam; ask Sheridan where the Army of West Virginia was at Opequan, at Fisher's Hill and all through that great highway of battle—the Shenandoah valley; ask Rosecrans what the Turchin Brigade did on Chickamauga's bloody field, or Grant as to her behavior in the grand assault on Mission Ridge, under the great Thomas; and ask Sherman as to the conduct of the Lightburn Brigade from Vicksburg to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea.

Whenever called to such service as this the troops of your corps showed a metal of which they have no reason to be ashamed.

It is due to you and to your children, as well as to the country, that this record be preserved.

We may, however, expect that, although the abundance of pride we used to have in regiment, corps and army, served a most useful purpose, and was not to be thought lightly of, the years as they go by and carry us farther away from the great and exciting events of which we were witnesses, will enable us to take a more general view of the war itself and to form a juster estimate of the part we had in it; that hereafter we shall not think so much about the particular regiment or corps with which we happened to serve—between which there was not so much difference after all—but more of those who stood—and those who fell—by our side, of the great principles upon which the war was fought, and of its grand results.

Shall we be able to honor our dead comrades more than by honoring the cause in which they fought?

Not by massive monuments, nor by mere laudatory speech shall we honor them; but rather by living, each for himself, the life of a just and patriotic citizen, with a firm trust that there is a God above, and a faithful people in the land.

In the words of the last, immortal victim of that unnatural war—

“It is for us, the living, to be dedicated to the unfinished work they so nobly carried on. It is for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from those honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

General W. H. Enochs was called to respond, which he did in a brief and pleasant manner. He spoke of the heroic deeds of the Army of West Virginia at Cloyd Mountain, Carter Farm, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and other hard fought battles. He thought that no more gallant deeds were performed by any army than by the Army of West Virginia.

Governor Dennison being present, was called upon and made a short but interesting address, expressing his gratification in meeting with so many of the survivors of the Army of West Virginia, and warmly congratulating them on the valuable services they and their gallant comrades rendered the country. He referred to the organization of West Virginia as a State, and his connection as governor of Ohio with that interesting event, and related some entertaining incidents of the time. The governor closed with a reference to the patriotic history of Marietta.

General Hickenlooper, of the 5th Ohio Light Artillery, was called for and made a few brief and patriotic remarks.

General Crook was called for, and on coming forward he said that on occasions of this kind, he was sorry that he

had spent so much of his time on the frontier, as it had made it impossible for him to express his feelings before such a gathering. He was greeted with tremendous applause.

The morning session then adjourned.

AFTERNOON.

The society was called to order by the chairman at two o'clock.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Colonel M. S. Hall, chairman of the committee on permanent organization, reported the Constitution and By-Laws adopted at Wheeling, October 20, 1871, and by resolution the report was adopted.

The committee on time and place of next meeting, through Colonel Geo. W. Taggart, chairman, reported in favor of Parkersburg, West Virginia, as the place, and September 22d, 1880, as the time. On motion this report was adopted.

Captain F. C. Gibbs, from the committee on nomination of officers, made the following report:

FOR OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT.

General GEORGE CROOK

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Colonel G. W. TAGGART, General B. F. COATES,
Major JEWETT PALMER.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

General W. H. ENOCHS.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

General R. P. KENNEDY.

TREASURER.

Captain R. B. TAYLOR.

General Enochs declined; stating that he was a lawyer and could not write, and nominated Captain Charles B. Smith, of Parkersburg, who was elected.

General Kennedy declined, and nominated General Enochs, who was elected unanimously.

The committee's report, as so amended, was thereupon adopted, and the officers elected accordingly.

Colonel R. L. Nye, Colonel Geo. W. Taggart and Colonel M. S. Hall were appointed to select an orator for next year.

General R. P. Kennedy was then introduced as orator of the day, and delivered the following eloquent and patriotic address:

ADDRESS OF GENERAL KENNEDY.

MY FELLOW SOLDIERS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—Some one has beautifully said that a "great artist who desired to embody his idea of 'thought' in the solid marble, so that it should carry the name and fame of his genius down through the centuries, selected for his subject not the statesman, building the structure of the republic upon the ruins of parties and empires; not the philosopher, calmly reasoning from the garnered wisdom of the past; nor yet the alchemist, taking from nature what she has, and making from nature what she never had before; but rather the soldier, his sword sheathed, his helmet laid aside, his banner furled, calmly contemplating the liberty and peace his arms had won." Why not? In every age and every clime he has been the central figure of history; the eloquence of Peter the Hermit would have availed little without the soldiery bearing of Lorraine and Tancred.

The fiery enthusiasm of Luther, and the eloquence of Melancthon would have borne little fruit without further aid from the sword of William the Silent.

The impassioned appeals of Philip of Mornay, for religious liberty, would have been lost upon the winds but for the plume of Navarre.

The counsel of John of Barneveld would have been weakness itself without the sword of Prince Maurice.

The earnestness of Patrick Henry, and the boldness of Adams, still required the death of Warren and the grandeur of Washington.

The prudence of Seward and the wisdom of Lincoln needed the aid and perseverance of Grant and the dash of Phil. Sheridan.

So through every age and every clime we see grand forms like William the Silent, and Coligny, and Washington, standing like mighty mile stones of the centuries, pointing the way for the advancing progress of civil and religious liberty.

The soldier who battles in a righteous cause, who wages war, not for power and oppression, but for liberty of person, of conscience, and of mankind, is doing that which tends not alone to his personal glory, but adds to the sum of human happiness, and leaves the world the better for his having lived in it.

It is true every soldier may not have achieved the fullest measure of human greatness, but he has done his part well who has performed the duty falling to his lot, and has failed in nothing which came within the grasp of his opportunities.

The homage paid the great and successful General is after all but praise and plaudit for the soldiers whose valor and devotion won his victories. To-day every loyal heart in the nation thrills with pride, and every soldier feels a sense of personal exaltation as he sees every civilized nation on the face of the globe doing honor to our most distinguished citizen, and our greatest soldier, than whom none so fully represents the citizen soldier of America, as the silent man of the century, Ulysses S. Grant.

But this is a day of peace, not of war; an hour of tender memories, not one stirred by the sound of battles. The years go by, and farther and farther off we hear the sound of the receding conflict. We are fast losing the personal histories of the war, and slowly but surely it is taking its place, marked only by its great battles, its great conflicts, its great leaders, upon the pages of an eternal and never ending history.

The young men who took part in it are growing old; the old men who survived it are passing away; the stories of the camp, the field and the battle are told at fewer firesides by old veterans, and the locks of younger

heroes are turning grey; but a few years and the roll call of death will leave but a scattered remnant of the grandest army that ever battled for human liberty.

Theirs was a battle not for aggrandizement and power, not for subjugation and conquest, but for the preservation of the liberties of a race, and though the conflict was long and fierce, and determined, and often doubtful, the end was then as it must always be, a triumph of liberty over anarchy, of law and order over dissension and strife. When the gateways of the future shall have received the last remnant of that shattered army, and the final roll call shall have been answered by the veterans of three hundred battles, there will still remain the memory of their devotion and valor; there will still remain the peace and security won by their arms; there will still remain the Nation preserved by their lives, and the liberty made sacred by their deaths. Every battle field that was trampled by the contending armies is but one of the mile-stones of the century to mark the advancing progress of liberty. Every camp that was whitened by the tents of your patriot soldiery is but a landmark that witnesses the devotion and the valor of your sons. Every patriot grave that grows green under the burning suns of the South is but the fire that in after ages will light up and enkindle the flame of patriotism in every loyal heart of the land.

When the clouds of a threatened danger overshadowed your land, and the bursting storm of war rolled with fearful menace along your borders, the hearts of your sons, and the spirit of your daughters, inspired by a love of home, by devotion to country and to liberty, came from firesides unused to danger, from homes unused to peril, and with quivering lip and tearful eyes, looked back, but for a moment, to signal a farewell, or to wave a good-by, as they went forth into the contest that was to end only in the destruction of the nation or the preservation of its unity.

It was not a struggle for conquest and power, but the determined effort of a people to preserve their nation, and to maintain its liberty.

The struggle was long continued, and often desperate, but there was neither sign of faltering nor want of purpose.

From a nation of freemen unused to war and battles, we had become a nation whose most familiar weapon was the bayonet, and whose battle-fields were the meeting places of giant armies, contending for the mastery. On one side it was caste and prejudice seeking to enslave itself and keep others enslaved; on the other it was an enlightened and determined intelligence that was striving to preserve its freedom, and to make broader and freer the liberty intended for all mankind. On the one side it was ignorance and prejudice striving

to retain the mastery of the century; on the other it was the enlightened intelligence of a new era striving to burst from the chains and fetters which had been holding it captive, so that its light might shine over all the earth. The end of the contest was then, as it must always be, a triumph of liberty over slavery, of intelligence over ignorance and prejudice.

Death was to follow that the nation might live, oppression that the people might have liberty, and war that the people might have peace.

Then came old men, heroes of other wars, grey-haired veterans, who had heard from their fathers the story of the nation's birth. Then came the stripling, tender in years, but full of hope and promise, who bore with him the tender imprint of a sister's kiss, and the prayers and memory of a mother's love. From every fireside, from every home, from the humblest to the highest, came men who were ready to throw themselves into the contest, determined that the experiment of human freedom, planted and watered in the wilderness, and grown to a tree whose branches overshadowed the people of all the land, should not be cut down and destroyed without a struggle for its defense.

Every heart made an offering; the mother sent her fair-haired boy, and in the quiet of her closet, upon bended knees, consecrated him with prayers and tears to her God and her country. The sister sent a brother, and gave him, as he left, the tender pledge of a sister's love. The grey-haired father sent a son, and with bowed head and bursting heart sent after him the blessing he could not speak. The wife gave a husband, and crowding back her sobs and tears, bid him "God speed," as together they kissed the sleeping little ones, only to burst into an agony of grief as she saw him go out of sight forever. It was the parting at firesides never to be reunited. It was the breaking of households never again to be joined. The wife who had given her all, was to put on the darkness of mourning. The mother, who had made an offering of her eldest as well as her youngest, was to greet them only in the paleness of death. The maiden whose lover had gone forth with the promise of return, was to be widowed at heart before she had knelt at the altar a bride.

"And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation.
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

“And there came the nameless dead—the men
Who perished in fever, swamp and fen—
The slowly starved of the prison pen ;
And marching beside the others
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow’s fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright,
I thought, perhaps ’t was the pale moonlight,
They looked as white as their brothers.

“And so all night the nation’s dead,
With never a banner over them spread,
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished,
No mark save the bare uncovered head
Of the silent bronze Reviewer.
With never an arch save the vaulted sky,
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.”

I would that I could call back to-day, so that it might pass in grand review before you, that army with its ranks filled, its lines of battle unbroken, its columns reformed, the graves of every battle field emptied of their patriot dead, the foul prison pens with their gates standing wide open, the dead of the hospital, and the fever stricken thousands who lie buried under the burning suns of the South, and as they moved in grand procession before you, I would point to their wounds, to their scars, to their blistered feet, to their haggard faces and starved bodies, that told of Andersonville and Belle Isle, and I would ask you, have these men died in vain? Is the liberty which was purchased at such a cost but an idle boast, and a liberty only in name? Is the nation that cost all this sacrifice, all this blood, all these tears, standing after all upon a foundation of sand? Is treason to be regarded with as much favor as loyalty? Are you to strew flowers with equal love and tenderness upon the grave of one who battled for the destruction of your nation as upon the grave of one who died for its preservation? Can you hold in the same kindly remembrance the dead rebel and the dead patriot? Can you forget the long years of suffering, years of suspense, when you saw your country hanging in the balance and the lives of your bravest and best offered as a sacrifice for its salvation? Can you forget the boy that went out from your fireside and never came back again? When you can do this, liberty will have lost its glory, and your nation will have lost its liberty.

While I am ready to forgive our enemies, I do not think we are called upon either directly, or indirectly, to recognize or honor the cause for

which they fought; it is enough that we are ready to extend the hand of friendship, and to cover with the mantle of charity and forgetfulness the crimes of the past.

To me the boy in blue will ever be dearer than the boy in gray. I cannot forget that the one was battling for the liberty of a nation, and that his blood preserved it; and that the other was seeking to tear down and destroy that nation and to rob it of its liberties; that the one gave his life that a great nation might live and its liberty be transmitted to generations unborn; that the other died seeking to rivet the chains of human bondage, and to blot from the face of the earth a nation dedicated to human liberty. You may strew your roses where you will, *but as for me, I shall plant no roses upon the grave of a dead rebel! I will put mine only upon the grave of the boy in blue.*

Benedict Arnold would have *sold* his country, and his name goes down through the centuries loaded with infamy. Jefferson Davis would have *destroyed* his country, and history will put his name side by side with that of Benedict Arnold. Treason can never outrival loyalty. The one represents all that is bad and dangerous in society, the other represents the strength and security of the nation. One gathers into its fold the wicked and the dangerous, the other marshals under its banners the hosts who believe in the virtue, the purity, the intelligence and the freedom of the people. When the name of every rebel leader shall have been forgotten, or be remembered only for his crimes, the names of the great loyalists who, from the beginning of the government to this hour have by their labors and lives, added to its greatness, will be growing greater and greater. When Lee, and Beauregard, and Toombs, and Davis will be remembered only that they may be pointed out as the leaders of a great crime, so that the children of the centuries to come may not follow their examples, the names of Washington and Lincoln, of Grant and Phil Sheridan, of Sherman and McPherson, of Hayes and Crook, of Mansfield and Thomas, will be handed down from century to century, crowned with the garlands of a grateful people's remembrance.

To me patriotism means something—disloyalty means something. In the one, I see the fidelity that clings with a devotion that courts death and scorns life, to the liberty that God has given us, to the nation that was founded that all might be free; in the other I see the madness that would drive to destruction a people whose only hope of safety is in the broad sunlight of universal liberty. In the one, I see the strength that comes of unity, and that would build upon the strong foundations of the republic a temple dedicated to the freedom of all mankind; in the other I see the weakness that would follow division and strife, the dangers that would

surround a divided and broken household. In the one, I see law and order, walking hand in hand, giving security and peace; in the other I see anarchy and ruin, twin sisters of destruction, stalking over the dead and prostrate form of liberty.

We may be more than human, and may forgive the prodigal who comes in sackcloth, and repentant; but is it not asking too much that we shall take back the prodigal and clothe him in the best robe, who comes boasting of his prodigality, and assuming the role of the injured and insolent master, instead of a repentant son? We may be pardoned if smarting from the wounds and injuries we have received at his hands, we sometimes think that the diet of husks should have continued to repentance, or that the bayonets and balls of our armies should have scourged him back to a loyalty that would have been neither doubtful nor hesitating. When we look over the nation and find disloyalty rampant, and treason not crushed, but seemingly triumphant, we may for a moment doubt the justice of our cause; but "though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." Liberty will not perish; at the proper hour, guided by a hand omnipotent, the gateways to national safety will open, disclosing the pathway to national prosperity, to power, to peace, and to universal liberty.

We may look back and see the rock of slavery, upon which the vessel of the republic was likely to be dashed to pieces, but in the very storm itself the rock of danger disappeared, and the morning sunlight showed only the bow of promise! We may see the dark hours when every loyal heart in the nation was despondent, when it seemed as if the final overthrow was near; it was but the darkness that preceded the morning that was to give to America universal liberty.

But we are told that we must forget the past, that we must "let our dead past bury its dead"—that these anniversaries but serve to embitter the hearts of the living.

One of the grandest sentences in the English language, one that deserves to become, like the fame of its author, immortal; one that speaks volumes of love and charity, is that of the martyred Lincoln:

"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL."

It is the brave who can afford to be generous. It is the conqueror who shows mercy to his fallen foe, that has won a double victory.

While we are ready to forgive our enemies, we are not ready to recognize their errors as virtues, nor to hail as martyrs and patriots the men who strove to tear down and destroy our liberties; neither are we

ready to forget the great principles for which we sacrificed so much, nor the men, *whether living or dead*, who were true to our country when she needed defenders; nor yet can we FORGET the past. Can *you* forget the story of your marches and sieges? Can you blot out from your memory the years that are endeared to you by reason of their dangers, or the memories of your dead comrades? Can you in a moment forget your long years of battle, years of suspense, when you saw your country hanging in the balance and the lives of your bravest and best offered as a sacrifice for its salvation? Can you forget the heroic devotion of that army of martyred dead, which neither hesitated nor halted until challenged by the sentinel, Death? Can you forget the tender love that, while it clings to you with a wife's or sister's, or mother's devotion, would have blushed with shame to see you falter in your duty to your country?

There is no need to forget the past. Its hallowed memories are implanted in our hearts and serve to make dearer to us the nation for which our comrades fell, the liberty for which they perished.

But while we meet here this day, let us not forget that silent army, whose tents are folded, whose flags are furled, whose arms are stacked, whose battles are over, and who "fought where they fell, and fell where they fought;" who have answered the challenge of death with the password of eternity, and who ever quietly sleep on those far off battle fields.

"In that low, green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings."

Then we recall that long and fearful struggle, as year after year passed away, and the end seemed to us no nearer than in the beginning; battle succeeded battle; campaign followed campaign; army after army was swept away by the never-failing and ever-attending monster, Death. Households were made desolate, fire-sides were thrown into the shadow of mourning; the shouts of the victors were mingled with cries of the wounded, and with the sound of the battle came the moan of the widow and the tears of the orphan. Then every sister lost a brother, every father lost a son, every sweetheart lost a lover, every mother lost a boy whose image was graven upon her heart.

We remember with what painful emotion the news of battle was received in those times that not only tried men's, but tried women's souls as well. What of the dead? What of the wounded? What of the living? It was the bated breath that made the inquiry, it was the fainting heart and the trembling soul that waited for the response; and who can tell the anguish of the stricken heart that too frequently had builded its hopes of safety only to have them dashed down to despair. Who can

tell the depths of a sister's love, that had hoped against hope, and had vainly endeavored to persuade herself that the evil hour would never come; who can tell the measure of a mother's boundless love, hearing the story of the death of her son, and with a smile of joy that shines through her tears, she is thankful at least to know that he has died as *her* boy should die, and hiding her broken heart from the world, she goes to her closet, and there she pours it out in one sublime, and grand, and trusting prayer that goes to the Comforter that sustains the widowed and orphaned, and gives peace to the stricken and childless heart.

The war was over.

From three hundred battle fields the men who had rescued the nation from peril, and whose deeds are of record in letters of fire and of blood, are coming home to lay aside the implements of war and follow the pleasanter paths of peace; they come with banners all torn and tattered, covered all over with the record of their battles and their contests.

The ranks are thin and scattered; they have left their bravest and best upon the far off battle fields of the nation. Never before did victorious armies so quietly lay down their arms—the men who had studied the art of warfare in the Virginias and the Carolinas, who had seen the dangers and the terrors of battle, came back to look for the peace their arms and valor had won. The hand that had held the musket now grasped the plow; the trooper who had, without fear of death, led the charge, went back to his anvil; the soldier whose courage had so aided in the hour of victory put on the livery of peace. It was the triumph of liberty over anarchy; it was the triumphs of intelligence and progress, over dissension and strife; at every fireside sits a hero—at every hearthstone the stories of the field, the camp and the battle are told.

You would scarcely be able to look over this vast but peaceful assemblage and pick out its warriors, and yet there are here to-day the heroes of more than three hundred battles.

What grand figures stand out from these old battle fields! Yonder you can see the form of McPherson, with a smile upon his lips, as he goes down to battle and death. There, amidst the clouds is Hooker. Here is Thomas, the grandest in form, as he was the grandest in character and action, whose whole life was the continued ripening of its early promise. There white-haired old Mansfield, splendid old soldier of the republic, whose wish to die upon the battle field, with his harness on, found its fulfillment at Antietam. Yonder at Winchester is George Crook, quiet, preserving, determined, fighting for the victory his valor must win. There, dashing down the valley, we still see Phil Sheridan, grand soldier that he was, riding to the field of victory, and with whip and boot and spur, dashing on to immortal fame.

And on these storm-beaten, shot-plowed fields, the quiet thousands who went to death unflinching, leaving behind the memory of a name, and the record of a duty done; grand heroes whose battles are over, and who have answered the challenge of death with the pass-word of eternity.

We may challenge history to produce if it can such examples of devotion and patriotism.

I think I do no injustice to the living, and no wrong to the dead, when I say there is one name about which the hearts of a loyal people cling with a love and tenderness that has no equal; one name that, so long as history endures, will remain radiant with light and liberty; one name that will go down the pathway of fame, leaving at every turning point the light of its genius, and the spirit of its love and tenderness; one name that, in after ages will be the light that beams upon, and the finger that points the road to liberty; the name that to our children will be the synonym for all that was good and great in mankind.

Here and there we see rising through the century grand forms like Washington, and Warren, and Thomas, and McPherson, wonderful examples of heroic devotion to country and to duty. But there is one name, perhaps, more closely akin to us, because of our day and generation, that lights up the fire of the eye, and enkindles the warmth of the heart, and that will remain throughout all time as the purest example of the christian statesman, the firm friend, the true patriot, and the honest man against whom the breath of slander and the darts of envy were sent in vain, the name of the mechanic, the laborer, the lawyer, the scholar, the statesman, and the man—*Abraham Lincoln*.

No name will ever rival his in the history of the country, because never again will such an opportunity arise to call forth from the people *such a man*.

He was a man of firmness and yet his firmness was always tempered with mercy.

Quick in action and yet slow enough to do justice to all mankind, he was endowed with wisdom to grasp the measure of the age, and to mete out upon every hand the full measure of equal and exact justice. No principle too great for him to grasp. No appeal too small to receive his earnest consideration.

We find him always the grand statesman, the prudent chief magistrate, the honest man. He has given us the example of some of the greatest actions and left us some of the noblest sentences in the English language.

When the centuries shall go by, his name and fame made dear and sacred by his martyred death, will be revered as that of no other American.

But what of our patriot dead? Do you read cold marble to learn their histories? It cannot tell you how, in the midst of conflict, their lives went out; it cannot tell you how, in the heat of battle, with their last thoughts of home, and a tender prayer for loved ones, the spirits of these brothers, and husbands and sons took their immortal flights; it cannot tell you how, in the hospital, suffering from sickness and wounds, with patient tenderness they slowly passed from the battles of life to the eternal camping grounds beyond; it cannot tell you how, in prison pens starved and fevered, slowly but surely they moved down to the *dead-line* of fitful and persistent fate; it cannot tell you how, in the last moments of life, their thoughts turned to the wives and little ones from whom they had parted in the flush of manhood. Cold and whitened stones can tell no stories of war and battles, can give no histories of valor and devotion. Such memories are to the living. They come like the tender falling of the leaves in autumn to the memory through the years gone by; we see again the smoke of the battle, we hear again the roar of the artillery, the clash of arms; again we see the embattling hosts in the midst of the clouds on Lookout; again we see the faltering, struggling lines at Gettysburg; again we see slowly moving columns at Peach-tree Creek; again we hear the shout of victory along the lines at Atlanta; again we see the flash of the bayonets in the winter sunlight as they move up the hill at Nashville; again we see the boys in blue, grand old veterans of a hundred battles,

—“the men who charged heavenward
—as if grim Mission Ridge
With its arches of fire were the piers of a bridge
Somebody has built to the gates of the sky,
And they were bound to go up without waiting to die.”

At the reunion of my old regiment, the 23d Ohio, I saw standing on the corner of the platform, the old banner of the regiment, all torn and tattered; every stripe was covered with the record of its contests and battles; every star was flashing with a victory; never but once did it bow its proud head in the dust to the foe—at the battle of Antietam, after it had gone over moor and fen, plowed fields and fallow, in the front rank of the peril, the old flag went down; the ball that struck its standard pierced the standard bearer to the heart, and he fell wrapped in the folds of the banner he had loved and borne so well; it was literally baptized in his blood. You could not sell its tattered remnants in a junk shop for a farthing, and yet you could not buy its glory and history for millions and millions of money.

To you, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, whose silent sleepers are upon the far distant battle-fields of the nation, is all this sacrifice in vain? Is liberty nothing, is hope nothing; shall we count only our loss, and not the great gain and good of mankind?

The price of liberty must be paid in the blood of her patriot sons; the measure of her worth must be in the lives of her dearest kindred. "I have only one regret," said Nathan Hale, "and that is, that I have but one life to offer for my country."

You have made a grand sacrifice; your offering has been laid upon the altar of a common country; your firesides have been left desolate; your hearthstones have been thrown into the shadow of mourning; your bravest and tenderest have been taken that this nation might be dedicated to human liberty forever.

Can you forget them? Shall we put away forever the memories of the war? Shall we permit to sink into forgetfulness their deeds of valor and their acts of heroism? Shall the grass that grows over them grow so rank that it may hide from sight, and from memory, their last resting places?

When liberty is not worth the purchase, when the human heart forgets its tenderness, when the mother's love grows cold, when the sister's devotion is no longer known, then we may forget them.

But so long as history tells its story; so long as fireside chronicles are repeated; so long as there shall remain man's admiration for deeds of arms, and love of country, and so long as woman's matchless love endures, these stories will be told at the firesides, at the camp and in the households, and will grow brighter and brighter as the years go by.

The boy that went out with a glad "good-bye," and whose lonely grave is to-day without a single flower on the far off battle field has a tender spot in the hearts at home.

The quiet sleeper in the Virginias, or the Carolinas, is marshaling a host of tears at many a fireside to-day.

So you, fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers: Can you blot from you memories the story of the boy that left your fireside and came not back again? Can you forget the story of his death, and his last sad message, which even in the fast fleeting moments of life he had not forgotten to send you? Can you hide away his old musket, which through years of camp and battle, was his constant and faithful companion? Can you put from your sight forever the blue coat, torn, tattered, it may be, made sacred by the baptism of *his* blood? Can you tear up and consign to the flames the letters, not very neat it may be, for they were *written on a drum head*, which he sent you from his camps in the Virginias

or the Carolinas? Can you forget the noble promise he made you at parting, and from which he never faltered—a promise he sealed with his blood—to be true to his God and his country? Can you forget the prayers you offered when you had listened to the story of his death, and with Christian resignation had bowed to the will of Him who sees even the sparrows fall, and in hope of a meeting hereafter, can you not say:

“E’en for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide,
For is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall, had bloomed the other side?”

Can you indeed pluck from your heart the tender love you bore him? Until you can do this, there will still be memories of the past, memories that will make us tenderer, and truer, and better, that will teach us the value of life, and the beauty of death.

The final battles are fought, the contest ended, the victory won, the supremacy of the nation acknowledged from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Again the star of National destiny is in the ascendant. The doctrine of “States Rights” has been trampled under the feet of contending armies, and the supremacy of the Government has been lifted upon the bayonets of her patriot sons, one land, one people, seeking to preserve a common liberty, and to perpetuate a common heritage.

Peace came, and with her universal liberty.

“Thank God, we see on every hand
Breast high, the rip’ning grain crop stand;
The orchards bend, the herds increase,
But oh! thank God! thank God for peace.”

The beginning of the civil war found four millions of men in bondage; for a century Liberty had listened with struggling impatience to the clanking of their chains, and in this supreme hour of her victory she seized the iron hammer of justice and beat off their shackles, and lifted them up, all broken, crushed and bleeding to the plane of universal manhood.

Never before has any nation been so favored as ours—rich in season, fertile in soil, bountiful in harvest, with a strong and determined people! It sits like a sparkling gem in a setting of ocean, reflecting continually the light and liberty of its people. Upon every side are the ways and means of industry and wealth; upon either hand the roads to place and power, no man need want who is not afraid to work. No man need starve who is not ashamed to labor.

Shall all this endure? Shall the liberty purchased by the blood of our fathers, and cemented by the blood of our brothers be preserved and perpetuated? Shall the nation, founded for the maintenance of religious and civil liberty on this continent remain a blessing to be transmitted to our children and our children's children in all the centuries to come?

It will endure so long as its people remain enlightened enough to love liberty rather than servitude, and powerful enough to remain free-men rather than slaves.

The National temple is at last complete, and builded of science, of industry, and art; the stone which the builders rejected—the stone of universal liberty—has at last become the head of the corner.

Surely, "God moves in a mysterious way." His plans and His purposes are working continually for the good of mankind. We may mistake them, but in them there is neither weakness, nor error, nor failure. We may doubt the means, and fail to grasp the intentions of the Deity, but in His own good time will come the rain and the sunshine, the grain will ripen for the harvest, and the golden sheaves will fall before the sickle of the Almighty reaper.

"Our father's God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand;
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Oh! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong.
Around our gift of Freedom draw
The safeguard of Thy righteous law,
And cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new Cycle shame the old."

After the address a large number of veterans availed themselves of the opportunity to become members of the society.

Adjourned until the evening.

EXPERIENCE MEETING.

7:30 P. M.

An immense audience assembled at City Hall filling floor and gallery. The band played, and immediately after, the curtain in the rear of the stage was withdrawn disclosing a life-like tableau of a camp scene at night. It was made more real afterwards when a couple of foragers brought in two live chickens. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" came in very appropriately from the band as the tableau was presented.

The stage was decorated with flags, some of which had seen army service, and around the platform sat the distinguished personages present during the former services.

Governor Dennison was received with loud cheers. He concurred heartily in the sentiments of the orator of the day and said our volunteer soldiers comprehended the magnitude of the rebellion and its true meaning long before the regulars. He was willing to forgive the repentant rebel, but not the unrepentant one. He believed in the Constitution *with* the amendments. These and similar expressions from him met with loud applause. At the close of his remarks the governor was presented with a bouquet and made an honorary member of the Society of the Army of West Virginia.

A quartette, "The Flag of Washington," was then beautifully sung by Miss Curtis, Mrs. Hodkinson and Messrs. Kestermeir and Humphries.

George K. Jenvey, bugler of the 2d West Virginia Cavalry, made a brief and happy speech that was warmly received.

After some trouble in getting a singer to lead off, "Johnny Comes Marching Home" was given, the audience joining in the chorus.

Captain Gibbs, of the Light Artillery, then spoke.

General Richardson was received with applause. He thought one or two of the previous speakers had manifested too much fear the Government would be destroyed. He believed the people would maintain our liberties against every encroachment of our rights, whether it be the separation of States or consolidated power. This was the substance of the first part of his remarks, the last part was filled by relating some humorous anecdotes of his experience in the war.

A solo, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," was sung by Miss Curtis.

Colonel W. B. Mason was then introduced and spoke, after which Colonel Nye announced that General Nathan Goff, Jr., of Clarksburg, West Virginia, was selected to deliver the oration next year.

Mr. George B. Crawford, of Clarksburg, West Virginia, made a few remarks. Three cheers were given the people of Marietta for their kindness during the reunion, and after singing the "Battle Cry of Freedom" the audience dispersed, closing a most enjoyable occasion.

THE FOLLOWING ORGANIZATIONS, AND PROBABLY SOME
OTHERS, ARE ENTITLED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE
SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA:

OHIO REGIMENTS IN ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA.

INFANTRY:

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 32, 34, 36, 37, 40, 41, 44, 47, 55, 60, 61, 62, 66, 67, 73, 75, 82, 84, 86, 87, 89, 91, 92, 110, 116, 122, 123, 126, 191, 192, 193, 196, and 133, 135, 140, 141, 146, 148, 152, 153, 154, 155, 160, 161, 167, 170, O. N. Guards.

CAVALRY:

Companies A and C, 1st O. V. C., 2d and 8th Regts., McLaughlin's 1st, 3d and 6th Independent Companies.

ARTILLERY.

Barnett's, Sturgiss'; 1st, McMullen's; 3d, William's; 12th, Johnston's; 21st, Patterson's; 22d, Niel's; 26th, Yost's, these were Independent Batteries. Battery H, 1st O. L. A., Huntington's; Battery I, 1st O. L. A., Dilger's; Battery L, 1st O. L. A., Robinson's; Battery K, 1st O. L. A., Debeck's; Simmond's Battery; Buell's Battery; Knapp's Battery; Keeper's Battery; Cotter's Battery; Mack's Battery; George's Cavalry.

INDIANA REGIMENTS IN ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA.

7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th Infantry; Daum's Indiana Battery.

PENNSYLVANIA.

28th, 84th and 110th Infantry; 12th Cavalry.

WEST VIRGINIA.

1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th Infantry; 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, Cavalry; Daum's 1st Virginia Artillery; Carlin's Virginia Battery; Maltby's Virginia Battery; Baggs' Snake Hunters.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago Dragoons.

NEW YORK.

106th Infantry.

KENTUCKY.

1st and 2d Infantry.

MICHIGAN.

Loomis' Coldwater Battery.

UNITED STATES ARMY.

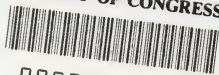
Clark's 4th Artillery.

Howe's Artillery.





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